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to enter into a sort of self-examination. Firstly, I looked at my watch, which had been, I feared, spoiled the day before, but found it going all right; then at myself, and the result of this, I am ashamed to tell in full. I was a little ragged, and a good deal dirty—my pants were torn in one place, my coat in several, and my check shirt, with the wetting and the wear, was far from the condition in which I had put it on. Fortunately I had a change of "linen," but the pants, which, beside being torn, had received the benefit of some spilled grease during some of our culinary operations, and had also been somewhat modified by the sliding on the slippery rocks, before told of, were the only pair I had with me, and were certainly in a state very unlike what would be called creditable, in the "settlements," even. We had soap, however, and thread and needles, and as Angler and Student felt disposed to catch some fresh trout for dinner, I determined to stay at home and repair damages, as the men of war say after battle. So, when my comrades had gone, I went into washing, wading into the lake by way of convenience in rubbing the soap on the pants, and then stripping, I gave shirt and pants a good scrubbing, until I was wearied with the exertion, when I hung them on stakes before the fire, and rolling myself in my blanket, lay down on the bed and went to sleep, in pursuance of the resolution made early in the morning.

When I awoke, it was nearly noon, and the fire was just smouldering in the ashes, but the warm sun, shining down in patches of golden light, made a fire unnecessary, save in prospect of dinner; so draping myself, after the fashion of the aborigines, in a blanket robe, I went to darning my pants, which task I achieved in a remarkably short space of time, though I must, at the same time admit, that the repairs had reference rather to actual use than to neatness. The rents in the coat, also, were "caught up," and with my clean linen, I felt quite civilized again, and pulling on my boots, strolled off among the old trees. My wanderings had not carried me far when I heard a light tramp behind me, and a yearling deer came up to within a few rods of me, and stopping, timidly looked at me for at least half a minute, and as I showed no signs of animation, he ventured still nearer, examining me studiously, when, as if satisfied that I was harmless, he turned away, and cantered leisurely off into the bushes. I wonder if he knew my peaceable disposition towards his kind. Was there some magnetic influence by which he learned that I had no murderous intent, or would he, perchance, have ventured as innocently into the range of Mike's rifle? I will believe not, for I felt more pleasure in this little rencontre with a fellow-creature, than the keenest sportsman could have felt in seeing him fall by the deadly rifle ball, or yield his life to the blood-thirsty hounds. I blessed the beautiful creature, as he came so gaily to reconnoitre the strange visitor; and I felt that the blessing, though unuttered, reached him some way, and that, when he went away, it was not, at least, in terror of me, but in his dumb way blessing me in return, by his fearlessness of my presence. And so I sat down on a fallen tree and mused—I have forgotten on what. I only know that I felt more strongly than

ever a strange power there is in gentleness.

I turned back to the camp to find the fishermen returned, and highly successful. Dinner discussed, we concluded to explore some of the islands by way of adventure, hoping to find one which we might build a permanent cabin on at some future time. There was one at the distance of a mile or so from us, which presented a rugged outline, and promised a pleasant situation and prospect. On reaching it, we rowed round it, finding only one place where landing was practicable without risk of falling into the water. At one side a sand point, surrounded by rushes and running out into the lake a dozen yards, gave us an opportunity to ground the boat, where we found a convenient slope, by which we walked up to the top of the island—perhaps a hundred feet above the level of the water. There was an opening in the forest on the side towards the falls, through which we obtained a partial view of the upper part of the lake, with the falls in the distance, a snowy cone, and the mountains beyond. Two or three lesser islands lay before us, and within a rifle shot was a group of picturesque rocks, raising themselves above the water, and at the moment the resting-place of a flock of red-headed ducks, who sat sunning themselves. A random shot from the rifle of one of the guides, set the whole flock in motion, and they made a bee line for one of the smaller islands, where they wheeled and settled. There was no other living thing in sight—no sign of axe or man. The blue lake lay beneath us, and, on every side where the trees would let us see, the mountains rolled away like immense billows. There is a monotony in the Adirondacks, which prevents them from being valuable picture subjects—the peaks have all the same curve, except here and there one like the larger one near us, broken by some convulsion of nature into a quaint form, and they are covered to their very summits with the unvarying mantle of green. There is no variety of line, such as an artist loves, but there is a mighty sublimity in that very sameness, as though some great operation of Nature had cast them up like waves, and left them there. Indeed, I believe that uniformity is an essential requisite of grandeur, for, though I have seen many mountains and hills of picturesque and graceful forms, there is nothing which impresses me so with the spirit of the grand, as the immense roll of the Adirondacks at their most monotonous points. The unity of action indicated makes one feel that the same impulse cast them all into their present form, acting without fitfulness, and in perfect obedience to some inner law, while the forms which artists generally prefer, irregular and picturesque, give the impression of chance influences working at intervals, and without sameness of cause. But to our island. We found the point where we stood to be a most eligible site for a house. We had only to clear away the small grove of Norway pines which covered the slope towards the mountains, to get one of the finest highland views imaginable; so we scored some trees where we wanted the house to stand. Within two hundred yards was a depression, at the bottom of which were indications of swampy ground, and we hoped to find a spring there, although the elevation

of the surface generally would scarcely seem to encourage one to look for water nearer than the lake. But such things are not uncommon, and so we determined to dig a well there. A ramble over the island, which contained probably ten acres, disclosed many exceedingly picturesque points, and glorious little nooks with rock and tree trunks, making capital foreground study. I picked up an eagle's quill—omen of good!—and we found an eagle's nest in one of the tall dead pines. I was surprised that in all our rambles we had never found a serpent of any kind, though we had believed that we were in the land of rattle-snakes, but Moodie said he had never seen one hereabouts. It was, in fact, a perfect artist's paradise, and we were enraptured with it.

We walked back to the boats in high glee, and began our plans for building immediately—designed our interior decorations, and arranged our larder so as to have certain provisions always there in safety, &c. There was nothing to be desired but greater facility in reaching it; but this, we reflected, gave us additional security against intrusion. So the account was balanced in our favor. We spent the rest of the afternoon in exploring some of the bays near our head-quarters, now and then starting up flocks of ducks, whose glossy backs glanced in the sun-light as they hurried out of the dangerous propinquity. We returned to camp toward sunset, in the highest spirits, and amused ourselves firing at a mark with the guides' rifles as long as the light served.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

NO. 8.—THE VILLA (Concluded.)

V. THE BRITISH VILLA.—HILL OR BROWN COUNTRY.—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION.

"Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis."—JUVENAL.

In the Boulevard des Italiens, just at the turning into the Rue de la Paix, Paris, there stand a few dusky and withered trees, beside a kind of dry ditch, paved at the bottom, into which a carriage can with some difficulty, descend and which affords access (not in an unusual manner) to the ground floor of a large and dreary-looking house, whose passages are dark and confined, whose rooms are limited in size, and whose windows command an interesting view of the dusty streets before mentioned. This is the town residence of one of the Italian noblemen, whose country house has already been figured as a beautiful example of the villas of the Lago di Como. That villa, however, though in one of the loveliest situations that hill, and wave, and heaven ever combined to adorn, and though itself one of the most delicious habitations that luxury ever projected, or wealth procured, is very rarely honored by the presence of its master, while attractions of a very different nature retain him, winter after winter, in the dark chambers of the Boulevard des Italiens. This appears singular to the casual traveller, who darts down from the dust and heat of the French capital, to the light and glory of the Italian lakes, and finds the tall marble chambers and orange groves, in which he thinks,

were he possessed of them, he could luxuriate for ever, left desolate and neglected by their real owner: but, were he to try such a residence for a single twelvemonth, we believe his wonder would have greatly diminished at the end of the time. For the mind of the nobleman in question does not differ from that of the average of men; inasmuch as it is a well-known fact, that a series of sublime impressions, continued indefinitely, gradually pall upon the imagination, deaden its fineness of feeling, and, in the end, induce a gloomy and morbid state of mind, a reaction of a peculiarly melancholy character, because consequent, not upon the absence of that which once caused excitement, but upon the failure of its power. This is not the case with all men; but with those over whom the sublimity of an unchanging scene can retain its power for ever, we have nothing to do; for they know better than any architect can, how to choose their scene, and how to add to its effect: we have only to impress upon them the propriety of thinking before they build, and of keeping their humors under the control of their judgment. It is not of them, but of the man of average intellect, that we are thinking throughout all these papers; and upon him it cannot be too strongly impressed, that there are very few points in a hill country at all adapted for a permanent residence. There is a kind of instinct, indeed, by which men become aware of this, and shrink from the sterner features of hill scenery into the parts possessing a human interest; and thus we find the north side of Lake Leman, from Vevay to Geneva, which is about as monotonous a bit of vine country as any in Europe, studded with villas; while the south side, which is as exquisite a piece of scenery as is to be found in all Switzerland, possesses, we think, two. The instinct, in this case, is true; but we frequently find it in error. Thus, the Lake of Como is the resort of half Italy, while the Lago Maggiore possesses scarcely one villa of importance, besides those on the Borromean Islands. Yet the Lago Maggiore is far better adapted for producing and sustaining a pleasurable impression than that of Como. The first thing, then, which the architect has to do in hill country is, to bring his employer down from heroics to common sense; to teach him that, although it might be very well for a man like Pliny, whose whole spirit and life was wrapt up in that of Nature, to set himself down under the splash of a cascade 400 feet high, such escapades are not becoming in English gentlemen; and that it is necessary, for his own satisfaction, as well as that of others, that he should keep in the most quiet and least pretending corners of the landscape which he has chosen.

Having got his employer well under control, he has two points to consider. First, where he will spoil least; and secondly, where he will gain most. Now, he may spoil a landscape in two ways, either by destroying an association connected with it, or a beauty inherent in it. With the first barbarism we have nothing to do, for it is one which would not be permitted on a large scale, and even if it were, could not be perpetrated by any man of the slightest education. No one, having any pretensions to be called a human being, would

build himself a house on the meadow of the Rutlin, or by the farm of La Haye Sainte, or on the lonely isle on Loch Katrine. Of the injustice of the second barbarism we have spoken already; and it is the object of this paper to show how it may be avoided, as well as to develop the principles by which we may be guided in the second question; that of ascertaining how much permanent pleasure will be received from the contemplation of a given scene.

It is very fortunate that the result of these several investigations will generally be found the same. The residence, which in the end, is found altogether delightful, will be found to have been placed where it has committed no injury; and, therefore, the best way of consulting our own convenience in the end is, to consult the feelings of the spectator in the beginning.* Now, the first grand rule for the choice of situation is, never to build a villa where the ground is not richly productive. It is not enough that it shall be capable of producing a scanty crop of oats, or turnips, in a fine season; it must be rich and luxuriant, and glowing with vegetative power of one kind or another.† For, the very chiefest part of the character of the edifice of pleasure is, and must be, its perfect ease, its appearance of felicitous repose. This it can never have where the nature and expression of the land near it reminds us of the necessity of labor, and where the earth is niggardly of all that constitutes its beauty and our pleasure; this it can only have, where the presence of man seems the natural consequence of an ample provision for his enjoyment, not the continuous struggle of suffering existence with a rude heaven and rugged soil. There is nobility in such a struggle, but not when it is maintained by the inhabitant of the villa, in whom it is unnatural, and, therefore, injurious in its effect. The narrow cottage in the desolate moor, or the stalwart hospice on the crest of the Alps, each leaves an ennobling impression of energy and endurance; but the possessor of the villa should call, not upon our admiration, but upon our sympathy; and its function is to deepen the impression of the beauty and the fullness of creation, not to exhibit the majesty of man; to show in the intercourse of earth and her children, not how her severity may be mocked by their heroism, but how her bounty may be honored in their enjoyment.

This position being once granted, will save us a great deal of trouble, for it will put out of our way, as totally unfit for villa residence, nine-tenths of all mountain scenery; beginning with such bleak and stony bits of hill-side as that which was metamorphosed into something like a forest

* For instance, one proprietor terrifies the landscape all around him, within a range of three miles, by the conspicuous position of his habitation; and is punished by finding that from whatever quarter the wind may blow, it sends in some of his plate-glass. Another spoils a pretty bit of crag, by building below it, and has two or three tons of stone drop through his roof the first frosty night. Another occupies the turf slope of some soft lake promontory, and has his cook washed away by the first flood. We do not remember ever having seen a dwelling-house destroying the effect of a landscape, of which, considered merely as a habitation, we should wish to be the possessor.

† We are not thinking of the effect upon the human frame of the air which is favorable to vegetation. Chemically considered, the bracing breeze of the more sterile soil is the most conducive to health, and is practically so, when the frame is not perpetually exposed to it. But the keenness which checks the growth of the heart is, in all probability, trying, to say the least, to the constitution of the resident.

by the author of Waverley; laying an equal veto on all the severe landscapes of such districts of minor mountain as the Scotch Highlands and North Wales; and finishing by setting aside all the higher sublimity of Alp and Apennine. What, then, has it left us? The gentle slope of the lake shore; and the spreading parts of the quiet valley, in almost all scenery; and the shores of the Cumberland lakes in our own, distinguished, as they are, by a richness of soil, which though generally manifested only in an exquisite softness of pasture, and roundness of undulation, is sufficiently evident to place them out of the range of this sweeping veto.

Now, as we have only to do with Britain, at present, we shall direct particular attention to the Cumberland lakes; as this is the only district which, taken generally, is adapted for the villa residence, and as every piece of scenery which in other districts is so adapted, resembles them in character and tone.

We noticed, in speaking of the Westmoreland Cottage, the feeling of humility with which we are impressed during a mountain ramble. Now, it is nearly impossible for a villa of large size, however placed, not to disturb and interrupt this necessary and beautiful impression, particularly where the scenery is on a very small scale. This disadvantage may be obviated in some degree, as we shall see, by simplicity of architecture; but another, dependent on a question of proportion, is inevitable. When an object, in which magnitude is a desirable attribute, leaves an impression on a practised eye, of less magnitude than it really possesses, we should place objects beside it, of whose magnitude we can satisfy ourselves, of larger size than that which we are accustomed to; for by finding these large objects in precisely the proportion to the grand object, to which we are accustomed, while we know their actual size to be one to which we are not accustomed, we become aware of the true magnitude of the principal feature. But, where the object leaves a true impression of its size on the practised eye, we shall do harm by rendering minor objects either larger or smaller than they usually are. When the object leaves an impression of greater magnitude than it really possesses, we must render the minor objects smaller than they usually are, to prevent our being undeceived. Now, a mountain of 15,000 feet high always looks lower than it really is; therefore, the larger the buildings near it are rendered, the better. Thus, in speaking of the Swiss cottage, it was observed that a building of the size of St. Peter's in its place, would exhibit the size of the mountains more truly and strikingly. A mountain 7,000 feet high strikes its impression with great truth, we are deceived on neither side; therefore, the building near it should be of the average size: and thus, the villas of the Lago di Como, being among hills from 5,600 to 8,000 feet high, are well proportioned, being neither colossal nor diminutive; but a mountain 3,000 feet high always looks higher than it really is; therefore, the

* This position, as well as the two preceding, is important, and in need of confirmation. It has often been observed, that, when the eye is altogether unpractised in estimating elevation, it believes every point to be lower than it really is; but this does not militate against the proposition, for, it is also well known, that the higher the point, the greater the deception. But when the eye is thoroughly practised in

buildings near it should be smaller than the average. And this is what is meant by the proportion of objects; namely, rendering them of such relative size as shall produce the greatest possible impression of those attributes which are most desirable in both. It is not the true, but the desirable impression which is to be conveyed; and it must not be in one, but in both; the building must not be overwhelmed by the mass of the mountain, nor the precipice mocked by the elevation of the cottage. (Proportion of color is a question of quite a different nature, dependent merely on admixture and combination). For these reasons, buildings of a very large size are decidedly destructive of effect among the English lakes: first, because apparent altitudes are much diminished by them: and, secondly, because whatever position they may be placed in, instead of combining with scenery, they occupy and overwhelm it; for all scenery is divided into pieces, each of which has a near bit of beauty, a promontory of lichened crag, or a smooth swarded knoll, or something of the kind to begin with. Wherever the large villa comes, it takes up one of these beginnings of landscape altogether; and the parts of crag or woods which ought to combine with it, become subservient to it, and lost in its general effect; that is ordinarily, in a general effect of ugliness. This should never be the case; however intrinsically beautiful the edifice may be, it should assist, but not supersede; join, but not eclipse; appear, but not intrude. The general rule by which we are to determine the size is, to select the largest mass which will not overwhelm any object of fine form, within two hundred yards of it; and, if it does not do this, we may be quite sure it is not too large for the distant features; for it is one of Nature's most beautiful adaptations, that she is never out of proportion with herself; that is, the minor details of scenery of the first class bear exactly the proportion to the same species of detail in scenery of the second class, that the large features of the first bear to the large features of the second. Every mineralogist knows that the quartz of the St. Gothard is as much larger in its crystal than the quartz of Snowdon, as the peak of the one mountain overtops the peak of the other; and that the crystals of the Andes are larger than either.* Every artist knows that the

mountain measurement, although the judgment, arguing from technical knowledge, gives a true result, the impression on the feelings is always at variance with it, except in hills of the middle height. We are perpetually astonished, in our own country, by the sublime impression left by such hills as Skiddaw, or Cader Idris, or Ben Venue; perpetually vexed, in Switzerland, by finding that, setting aside circumstances of form and color, the abstract impression of elevation is (except in some moments of peculiar effect, worth a king's ransom), inferior to the truth. We were standing the other day on the slope of the Breven, above the Priure of Chamoulin, with a companion well practised in climbing highland hills, but a stranger among the Alps. Pointing out a rock above the Glacier des Rosses, we requested an opinion of its height. "I should think," was the reply, "I could climb it in two steps; but I am too well used to hills to be taken in in that way; it is at least 40 feet." The real height was 470 feet. This deception is attributable to several causes, (independently of the clearness of the medium through which the object is seen), which it would be out of place to discuss here, but the chief of which is the natural tendency of the feelings always to believe objects subtending the same angle to be of the same height. We say the feelings, not the eye; for a practised eye never betrays its possessor, though the due and corresponding mental impression is not received.

* This is rather a bold assertion; and we should be sorry to maintain the fact as universal; but the crys-

boulders of an Alpine foreground, and the leaps of an Alpine stream, are as much larger than the boulders, and as bolder than the leaps, of a Cumberland foreground and torrent, as the Jungfrau is higher than the Skiddaw. Therefore, if we take care of the near effect in any country, we need never be afraid of the distant. For these reasons, the cottage villa, rather than the mansion, is to be preferred among our hills. It has been preferred in many instances, and in too many, with an unfortunate result; for the cottage villa is precisely that which affords the greatest scope for practical absurdity. Symmetry, proportion, and some degree of simplicity, are usually kept in view in the large building; but in the smaller, the architect considers himself licensed to try all sorts of experiments, and jumbles together pieces of imitation, taken at random from his note-book, as carefully as a bad chemist mixing elements, from which he may by accident obtain something new, though the chances are ten to one that he obtains something useless! The chemist, however, is more innocent than the architect; for the one throws his trash out of the window if the compound fail, while the other always thinks his conceit too good to be lost. The great one cause of all the errors in this branch of architecture is, the principle of imitation, at once the most baneful and the most unintellectual, yet, perhaps, the most natural that the human mind can encourage or act upon.* Let it once be thor-

als of almost all the rarer minerals are larger in the larger mountain; and that altogether independently of the period of elevation, which in the case of Mont Blanc, is later than that of our own Mendees.

* We noticed previously the kind of error most common in amateur designs, and we traced that error to its first great cause, the assumption of the humor, instead of the true character, for a guide; but we did not sufficiently specify the mode in which that first cause operated, by prompting to imitation. By imitation we do not mean accurate copying, neither do we mean working under the influence of the feelings by which we may suppose the originators of a given model to have been actuated; but we mean the intermediate step of endeavoring to combine old materials in a novel manner. True, copying may be disdained by architects, but it should not be disdained by nations; for, when the feelings of the time in which certain styles had their origin have passed away, any examples of the same style will invariably be failures, unless they be copies. It is utter absurdity to talk of building Greek edifices now; no man ever will, or can, who does not believe in the Greek mythology; and, precisely by so much as he diverges from the technicality of strict copyism, he will err. But we ought to have pieces of Greek architecture, as we have reprints of the most valuable records, and it is better to build a new Parthenon than to set up the old one. Let the dust and the desolation of the Acropolis be undisturbed for ever; let them be left to the school of our moral feelings, not of our mechanical perceptions; the line and rule of the prying carpenter should not come into the quiet and holy places of the earth. Elsewhere, we may build marble models for the education of the national mind and eye; but it is useless to think of adapting the architecture of the Greek to the purposes of the Frank: it never has been done, and never will be. We delight, indeed, in observing the rise of such a building as La Madeleine: beautiful because accurately copied; useful, as teaching the eye of every passer-by. But we must not think of its purpose; it is wholly unadapted for Christian worship; and, were it as bad Greek as our National Gallery, it would be equally unfit. The mistake of our architects in general is, that they fancy they are speaking good English by speaking bad Greek. We wish, therefore, that copying were more in vogue than it is. But imitation, the endeavor to be Gothic, or Tyrolese, or Venetian, without the slightest grain of Gothic or Venetian feeling; the futile effort to splash a building into age, or daub it into dignity; to zigzag it into sanctity, or slit it into ferocity, when its shell is neither ancient nor dignified, and its spirit neither priestly nor baronial; this is the degrading vice of the age; fostered, as if man's reason were but a step between the brains of a kitten and a monkey, in the mixed love of despicable excitement and miserable mimicry. If the English have no imagination they should not scorn to be commonplace; or, rather, that they should remember that poverty cannot be disguised by beggarly borrowing, though it may be ennobled by calm independence. Our national architecture never will improve until our population are generally

oughly rooted out, and the cottage-villa will become a beautiful and interesting element of our landscape.

So much for size. The question of position need not detain us so long, as the principles advanced previously are true generally, with one exception. Beautiful and calm the situation must always be, but, in England, not conspicuous. In Italy, the dwelling of the descendants of those whose former life has bestowed on every scene the greater part of the majesty which it possesses, ought to have a dignity inherent in it, which would be shamed by shrinking back from the sight of men, and majesty enough to prevent such non-retirement from becoming intrusive; but the spirit of the English landscape is simple, and pastoral and mild, devoid, also, of high associations (for, in the Highlands and Wales, almost every spot which has the pride of memory is unfit for villa residence); and, therefore, all conspicuous appearance of its more wealthy inhabitants becomes ostentation, not dignity; impudence, not condescension. Their dwelling ought to be just evident, and no more; as forming part of the gentle animation, and present prosperity, which is the beauty of cultivated ground. And this partial concealment may be effected without any sacrifice of the prospect which the proprietor will insist upon commanding from his windows, and with great accession to his permanent enjoyment. For, first, the only prospect which is really desirable or delightful, is that from the window of the breakfast-room. This is rather a bold position, but it will appear evident on a little consideration. It is pleasant enough to have a pretty little bit visible from the bed-rooms; but, after all, it only makes gentlemen cut themselves in shaving, and ladies never think of anything beneath the sun when they are dressing. Then, in the dining-room, windows are absolutely useless, because dinner is always uncomfortable by daylight, and the weight of furniture effect, which adapts the room for the gastronomic sites, renders it detestable as a sitting-room. In the library, people should have something else to do, than looking out of the windows; in the drawing-room, the uncomfortable stillness of the quarter of an hour before dinner may, indeed, be alleviated by having something to converse about at the windows: but it is very shameful to spoil a prospect of any kind, by looking at it when we are not ourselves in a state of corporal comfort and mental good humor, which nobody can be after the labor of the day, and before he has been fed. But the breakfast-room, where we meet the first light of the dewy day, the first breath of the

convinced that in this Art, as in all others, they cannot seem what they cannot be. The scarlet coat or the turned-down collar which the obsequious portrait-painter puts on the shoulders and off the necks of his savage or insane customers, never can make the 'prentice look military, or the idiot poetical; and the architectural appurtenances of Norman embrasure, or Veronic balcony must be equally ineffective, until they can turn shop-keepers into barons, and school-girls into Julietts. Let the national mind be educated in its character, and it will naturally become pure in its conceptions; let it be simple in its desires, and it will be beautiful in its ideas; let it be modest in feeling, and it will not be insolent in stone. For architect and for employer, there can be but one rule; to be natural in all that they do, and to look for the beauty of the material creation as they would for that of the human form, not in the chanceful and changing disposition of artificial decoration, but in the manifestations of the pure and animating spirit which keeps it from the coldness of the grave.

morning air; the first glance of gentle eyes; to which we descend in the very spring and elasticity of mental renovation and bodily energy, in the gathering up of our spirit for the new day, in the flush of our awakening from the darkness and the mystery of faint and inactive dreaming, in the resurrection from our daily grave, in the first tremulous sensation of the beauty of our being, in the most glorious perception of the lightning of our life; then, indeed, our expatiation of spirit, when it meets the pulse of outward sound and joy, the voice of bird, and breeze, and billow, *does* demand some power of liberty, some space for its going forth into the morning, some freedom of intercourse with the lovely and limitless energy of creature and creation. The breakfast-room must have a prospect, and an extensive one: the Hyson and hot-roll are indiscussable, except under such sweet circumstances. But he must be an awkward architect, who cannot afford an opening to one window without throwing the whole mass of the building open to public view; particularly as, in the second place, the essence of a good window view, is the breaking out of the distant features in little well-composed morceaux, not the general glare of a mass of one tone. Have we a line of lake? the silver water must glance out here and there among the trunks of near trees, just enough to show where it flows; then break into an open swell of water, just where it is widest, or where the shore is prettiest. Have we mountains? their peaks must appear over foliage, or through it, the highest and boldest catching the eye conspicuously, yet not seen from base to summit, as if we wanted to measure them. Such a prospect as this is always compatible with as much concealment as we choose. In all these pieces of management, the architect's chief enemy is the vanity of his employer, who will always want to see more than he ought to see, and than he will have pleasure in seeing, without reflecting how the spectators pay for his peeping.

So much, then, for position. We have now only to settle the questions of form and color, and we shall then have closed the most tiresome investigation which we shall be called upon to enter into; inasmuch as the principles which we may arrive at in considering the architecture of defence, though we hope they may be useful in the abstract, will demand no application to native landscape, in which happily, no defence is now required; and those relating to sacred edifices will, we also hope, be susceptible of more interest than can possibly be excited by the most degraded branch of the whole Art of architecture, one hardly worthy of being included under the name; that, namely, with which we have lately been occupied, whose ostensible object is the mere provision of shelter and comfort for the despicable shell within whose darkness and corruption that purity of perception to which all high Art is addressed is, during its immaturity, confined.

MR. BAILY's statue of the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, of the fine proportions and artistic merits of which our readers have already heard, is now in Westminster Hall, preparatory to its erection among the other statues in the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament.—*Athenæum*.

REVIEWS.

LESLIE'S HAND BOOK FOR YOUNG PAINTERS.

ALTHOUGH it may be stated as a general truth, that none but an artist can be a teacher of Art, it does not necessarily follow that every artist is a capable teacher. Most artists work by an intuition, indicating their result, and at the same time, the means by which it is to be attained, while they have not the slightest perception of the principles by which their result is really shaped, nor could they give a satisfactory reason for a single thing they do. This is well enough so far as their works are concerned, but in leading minds young in Art into its mysteries, the clearest perception of its fundamental principles is indispensable, and an artist who has not this, can only teach manner, and make his pupils imitations of himself. It is not enough that he should unconsciously have applied those principles rightly in one direction, but he must be able to follow them out in any direction, with the ability to indicate their true realization in whatever way.

Mr. Leslie demonstrates this position conclusively. A highly successful artist, in a limited range, he owes his success to a keen intuition, rather than to a knowledge of the principles of Art, and in fact made a grand mistake when he ventured on the field of authorship. When we see a man do a thing really well, we are inspired with a certain faith in his general abilities, which we retain so long as he does not show us, by actual failure, that there are some things he cannot do. Leslie, as the author, betrays the ignorance of Art, which, as a painter, we should never have attributed to him. He shows that he is superficial, not by negative testimony, but by certain grave and palpable errors of statement, which no man could have made who was possessed of a genuine insight into the arcana of Art. He perpetually confuses form with substance—method with sentiment, and indicates that beyond a certain point he is incapable of following the great works he treats of. For instance, in the following passage, there is an almost unaccountable obtuseness of perception:—

"A modern, accomplished, and eloquent writer (Lord Lindsay), following a notion of Blake, deprecates, for instance, the occasional softening of the outline, by comparing it to 'that lax morality which confounds the limits of light and darkness, right and wrong.' Not being a painter, he is not aware that he is here objecting to the truest imitation of Nature. Again, he says, 'We find the purest and brightest colors only in Fra Angelico's pictures with a general predominance of blue, which we have observed to prevail more or less in so many of the semi-Byzantine painters; and which, fanciful as it may appear, I cannot but attribute, independently of mere tradition, to an inherent, instinctive sympathy between their mental constitution and the color in question, as that of red, or of blood, may be observed to prevail among painters in whom Sense or Nature predominates over spirit.' * * * Then again, a distinction seems implied, in the passage I have quoted, between the Spiritual and the Natural, as if it were possible to express the spiritual by any other medium than the natural. A painter, it is true, may be very natural without being spiritual, but that which is spiritual in Art can only be fully developed

in the degree in which the painter is natural."

That an artist really capable of feeling the spiritual in Art could be guilty of making such a comment, we cannot think possible. Is there, then, no distinction between the spiritual and natural? It is no better than a quibble, to ask if it be "possible to express the spiritual by any other medium than the natural," because Mr. Leslie, as well as any other, knows that there is a difference between those works which make the expression of Spirit the end of Art, and those in whom the external and its attributes predominate over Spirit. It is true, that in all his color, Correggio is refined, but the artist who cannot distinguish between the feeling displayed in the color of Correggio and that of Fra Angelico, may well despair of comprehending the spiritual in Art. But he shows still more fully his blindness by another passage, which we quote:—

"Francis cannot be classed with the mediæval painters, as he was contemporary with Raphael; still, he is a painter whom it is at present much the fashion, with the advocates for the imitation of early Art, to praise.

"His two pictures in our gallery, are, perhaps, not fair specimens of his style; for the mediocrity that pervades them, as well in character and sentiment, as in every other quality, is redeemed only by the head of the Saviour, in the arched one, which is very fine, and the more striking by its contrast to the red-eyed angels on either side—for both of which the painter's lay figure might have served as a model. Nevertheless, as I have heard the entire treatment of these pictures highly commended by critics, who would almost exclude Raphael from among religious painters, I would ask anybody acquainted with Art—any one except a bigoted devotee to the earlier masters, to turn from the silver purity of Correggio, to the Francias, and tell me whether he does not feel how common, how toneless, and how hard their color is, compared to that of Correggio. I use the expression hard, for color may be hard, and always is so when destitute of the gradations and subtle varieties of tint, which are inseparable from it in Nature."

Doubtless, no admirer of Francis would think of comparing him with Correggio in color or chiaroscuro; but Leslie is guilty of gross critical injustice, in dragging Francis, a religious painter, to the standard of Correggio, a naturalist—if not a sensualist—and because he does not find the former compare with the latter in the above named characteristics, justifies his exaltation of Correggio by ignoring the spiritual dignity of Francis. And again, in speaking of Blake he says:—

"The truth is, Blake had attempted the imitation of those natural qualities of Art so often denounced as ornamental and sensual. He had suffered, as he said, from 'temptations and perturbations, destructive of imaginative power, by means of that infernal machine called chiaroscuro, in the hands of Venetian and Flemish demons, who hate the Roman and Florentine schools.' These temptations led him to experiments, in which he failed, and by a consequence which he did not see, he failed in an adequate expression of his conceptions, many of which are beautiful, and are the emanations of one of the purest and most sincere of minds; while Stothard, a far greater, because, as a painter, a far wiser man than Blake, by availing himself of the assistance of everything excellent in previous Art—which his just mind could always separate from the objectionable